Forget Me Not by Black_Sea_Paradise

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Summary:

Steve has a firm believe that his life is going nowhere fast. It's been 2 months since El closed the gate, 2 months since he lost Nancy to Johnathan Byers, 2 months since Hargrove beat his face in.
Now he tries to keep to himself, catering to 14 year old kids needs.
When a girl from out of town replies to his parents spare room let advert. Maybe this could be the beginning of a new adventure?

Unbeknown to Steve, the new girl from sunny California may have stronger ties to Hawkins than he thought, and to the people in it. Which leads him to knowing more about a certain Californian than he could have ever guessed.

Summaries are hard: Billy Hargrove's old friend/ old lover's sister comes to Hawkins / returns. Experiment nine and ten idea.

1. Strangers & Phone Calls

Author's Note:

> Ok so I haven't written fan fiction in years! But I am obsessed with this ship and have had this story idea in my head for legit ages !
> Hopefully you guys will like it!
> First couple of chapters are more setting the basis for the rest of the story.
> I also live for a slow burn fanfic, so that's what this is gonna be !
> So let me know what you guys think !
>
> X

"Come on Steve!"

"Dustin, I said no," Steve rolled his eyes at the younger boy, sitting in the passenger seat of his Beamer.

For the past ten minutes, since Steve had picked Dustin and Will up from their houses to take them to Mike's, Dustin had been trying to convince Steve to join them to play D&D. Since the snowball six weeks ago, Steve had been hanging out with the guys and Max. He knew for a fact that it didn't do much for his reputation round town, especially with his old group of friends, Tommy, and Carol, but ever since him and Nancy had ended things, he had been lacking in the amount of people he could actually talk to in this town.

Things had calmed down immensely for everyone since Jane had managed to close the gate to the upside down, with the kids going back to having fun and Joyce allowing for Will to be out of her sight, and even Hopper allowing Jane to come over to Mike's last week. However, sometimes Steve still felt like things were different. For one, he had missed the deadline for handing in his applications for College, too busy climbing into a hole in the ground to fight

Demogorgon's. Which had left him with no other choice than to admit defeat, knowing that he would end up working for his dad after he was finished with school.

So now, almost six weeks later after the events of the upside down, Steve had no friends his own age – although he knows Nance would probably argue he had Johnathan and her – he only hung out with fourteen-year-old kids and at lunch sat with his ex and the guy who stole his ex. And in his spare time? Oh yeah, he stayed at home alone, while his parents travelled for his father's work, eating left-over pizza that Dustin had made him order for them the night before.

Steve was drawn out of his miserable thoughts by Dustin pinching his arm. "jeez Dustin! Why'd you do that for?" Steve winced as he gave the boy next to him a sharp look as he heard Will slide along the leather of the back seat to lean closer to them in the front.

"Hello, earth to Steve? Are you coming or not?" Dustin questioned with his slight lisp, as they pulled up in front of the Wheeler's.

Steve leaned down a bit to look at the house out Dustin's window, he knew that Nancy and Johnathan were out together, the reason for Will being in his back seat, and he knew if he stayed he would have to face the pair later when they came in. Sure, it had been over two months now since him and Nancy had ended things, but he couldn't help the sting of jealousy in the pit of his stomach at the sight of the pair.

"Na man, you go ahead. Remember what your mum said yeah? She wants you home before ten tonight, so I'll come back at like nine-forty-five ok?" Steve watched as Dustin rolled his eyes but nodded as he pulled on the handle to the Beamer. Steve turned his head to the side, his neck straining with the constraint of the seat belt. "I'll see you later Will, say hi to your brother yeah?" Steve smiled at the small shy boy as he gave a hesitant smile in return and nodded.

With a couple of bangs the boys shut the car doors and ran up to the house, where Steve could see Mike waiting.

He turned back to the front and was about to press his foot on the pedal when a car came speeding towards him, headlights momentarily blinding him, only slowing down to pull up on the opposite side of the road. In a town with so few people it was easy for Steve to recognise the owner of the cars roar, he could imagine though that even in California it would be hard to forget the owner of the blue Camaro that sat in front of him.

Billy Hargrove. Even the thought of his name still made Steve's blood boil. Ever since they had fought at the byers house, he had made it his life's mission to stay away from the other boy. Steve sometimes could swear he could still feel the tingle of the bruises that had been on his face for nearly a month after their fight. Other than a few insults chucked at each other and shoulder nudges from Hargrove while passing one another either in the hall or while they played basketball, Hargrove had stayed clear of Steve since the Byers.

Steve had the suspicion that it may have something to do with what Dustin had said about Max nearly nailing Hargrove's balls to the byers living room floor. But it wasn't like he was going to question the guy about it.

He watched as Max pushed the heavy door of the Camaro open and flung her long red hair over her shoulder turning back to give Billy the finger before slamming the door behind her. She ran across the road passing in front of Steve's car with a wave and a tight-lipped smile as she also headed towards the Wheeler's front door where he could now see the whole gang waiting, even Jane, who he noticed didn't look as pleased to see her as the rest. He watched as Max and Lucas shared a quick awkward hug as she came through the house.

Steve sighed, finally realising he had spent too long making sure the

kids got into the house ok. He turned back to face the front, ignoring the boy in the car on the opposite side of the road, and began to pull off.

He tried to keep an air of indifference and concentrate on the road ahead of him as he passed the Camaro, but his body betrayed him, as his head, as if on instinct, turned to his right to glance at Hargrove as he passed.

Billy had begun to pull off from the side walk too as his eyes turned to Steve as if he could feel the other boy's eyes on him. Steve suck in a small breath as he quickly turned back to face the road.
He flexed his fingers on the steering wheel as he felt the familiar tingle run through his body to his finger-tips. He played it down to the ghost of adrenaline from the night at the byers and the hate he felt towards the younger boy who had beat him to a pulp that night. He shook his head at the thought, he had to stop thinking about Hargrove and his fists, it had happened nearly two months ago, the bruises were nearly faded, the gate was closed, there were no reasons left for him to be thinking about Billy Hargrove. Steve sighed and turned the heat in his car up a little as he drove home, it was only four o'clock, he had nearly six hours to kill before picking up Dustin.

Soon enough he was pulling in front of his over sized house in the drive. As he entered the house he kicked his trainers off at the door, knowing that even though his mother wasn't home she would likely have him killed for dragging any type of dirt into her house. He trekked into the kitchen to look for some food – preferably anything but pizza. As he pulled open the fridge the phone rang, reluctantly he shut the fridge again and walked over to where the phone was hanging on the wall beside the joining entrance to the living room.

"Hello?" he spoke softly as he turned his back to lean against the wall.

“Steve is that you?” He smiled slightly while rolling his eyes, lifting his hand to skim through his hair, leaning his right should on the door frame.

“No, it’s a burglar, I’m robbing your home Mrs Harrington, but I thought I would answer your phone for you,” He heard his mother let out a soft breath of air, he could only assume was her version of a light laugh at his quip.

“Very funny Steve, did you get my message on the answering machine?” Steve looked down at the small table beside him that held the letters he had placed there for his parents to open when they returned, glancing to where the answering machine lay on top with a small flashing red light.

“no, I just got in from dropping off Dustin, so I hadn’t bothered looking yet.” He heard the slight rustle of his mother moving on the other end of the phone.

“Oh well it was to let you know that your father got a call from a young lady who is interested in the spare room. I left her number for you on the machine,” Steve raised his eyebrows in surprise. His parents had decided last month that because they were away so frequently from the house, that they would benefit from renting out the spare bedroom. He knew his mother had thought about it previously, trying to persuade his father to come around to the idea, but at the time his father had said no, arguing that he didn’t want some stranger roaming around his home while he was there. However, over the past year, his trips had become more frequent, and with his mother’s persistent behaviour he had finally come around to the idea. Steve was a tad annoyed with his father with the whole thing, because in his head it wasn’t ok to have a stranger there while he was there, but it was ok to have a stranger move into his house with only his son. Great.

He shook his head slightly attempting to focus on what his mother

was rambling on about. “sorry mom I didn’t hear that,” he heard her sigh with frustration.

“I said I spoke to her briefly, but she sounds lovely dear, she is moving here from California, she was saying she wants to do something different, and that she had heard great things about a little town called Hawkins,” Steve frowned, how many great things were there really to hear about Hawkins? And California? Max had said she was from California, was Hawkins a popular discussion out there? “I also think she’s not that much older than you Steve, she sounded young on the phone. I just want you to give her a call and introduce yourself, I have already told her that your father and I are rarely home now, however, that you live in the house. She seemed completely ok with that. So just call her, and sort out a plan for when she will be moving in.”

Steve rolled his eyes at how naive his mother could be, of course the mystery girl was going to be ok with his parents rarely being home, she probably had already planned out the way she was going to chop up all of Steve’s body parts and sprinkle them in the garden.

“What’s her name mom, so I know who I am asking for when I call?”

“Oh yes of course! Her name is Angelina Burns,” Steve could faintly hear his father calling for his mother in the background. “Steve that’s your father, I’ve got to go, we’re going out for a meal tonight, I’ll call either tomorrow or Monday. Love you Steven.”

“Love y–“ before he could finish speaking the line went dead. Short and sweet as usual. Sighing he hung the phone back on the wall and walked back to the fridge, wrapped up in his thoughts he pondered about this mystery girl.
On one hand he would be reluctant to admit that he was nervous to have some stranger, chosen by his mother, to live in the house with him alone. On the other hand, he would also be reluctant to admit that he craves the company. Living in such a big house by himself for such a long period of time would have sounded like a great deal to

him a couple of years ago, now it was just lonely. Sure, Dustin stayed over every now and then, but they had school and Mrs Henderson didn't like it when Dustin stayed out on a school night. He would never admit to her, but he even missed his mother's constant gossiping of the rest of the town's people. He even missed just having someone to watch TV with. His mother had said someone close to his age, maybe someone he could be close with, someone other than fourteen to be friends with.

While making himself a sandwich he got caught up in the fantasy of befriending the mystery 'Angelina Burns' and what her presence may be like in the house. Whether or not he will gain a friend…. Or with a grimace, he thought, be cut up into tiny pieces and be fed to the neighbour's dog.

By the time Steve had gotten fed up of watching reruns on the TV it was nearing eight thirty. He sighed glancing at his watch one more time, eight thirty-one, it read. God, he just wished it was already time to go get Dustin, he had never been great at trying to kill time. He had just over an hour to kill and considered going upstairs to jerk off a quick one, but knew he would feel uncomfortable then going to pick up Dustin, it just felt wrong somehow.

Steve rolled his eyes and flopped down onto the sofa again, it was a Saturday night and the best plan he could come up with was jerking off alone in his empty house? lame.

He let his eyes scan the room looking for something to fill in time, his eyes paused on his father's vast record collection for a second, then remembered that the record player had broke last week (and he still had to work up the nerve to tell his dad that it was him who had broken it). His eyes finally landed on the table in the entrance between the kitchen and the living room. The answering machine was still flashing red, reminding him that he still needed to call Angelina Burns about the spare room. Ah fuck it, he thought standing up and walking over to the table, better doing it now than hearing

from his mother that he should have done it when she had told him to.
He searched for a pen and flipped one of the unopened envelopes that sat on the table, preparing himself to write down the numbers his mom was sure to run off from the message. Before he knew it he had pressed the numbers into the phone and was listening to the buzzing noise before it began to ring.

What should he say? 'Hey, it's Steve Harrington, the guy you will probably be living with'? 'Hey, its your new potential roomie'? or 'hey, it's your new potential murder victim'?

Before he could make up his mind on the best way to start the conversation, the ringing stopped as the phone was picked up on the other end. "Hi, it's Angie?" Steve's eyebrows raised slightly on his forehead, his mom wasn't kidding, the woman did sound quite young. Maybe even closer to his age than his mom had probably assumed.

"Hello?" came the disembodied voice on the other end.

Steve flustered before speaking, "Oh yeah sorry, hey, It's Steve, I mean Harrington, I mean Steve Harrington. You called my dad about wanting to rent a spare room?" He couldn't help mentally slapping his forehead at his stumble of words, he should have gone with his first idea of approach.

He heard a slightly silvery light laugh come from the girl on the other end. "yeah hey, your mom said you would call to make plans on when I could move in? she did tell you she was definitely letting me stay, right?" He heard the uncertainty in the girl's voice.

"Yeah, she had said you were going to be the one, when are you wanting to move in? the place is all ready for you," Steve twiddled his finger around the cord of the phone. He was lying of course, the

room wasn't fully ready, the other week he had let all the guys stay over, him, Dustin, and Will in his room, while Mike and Lucas had bunked in the spare room. Shit, he thought, he would need to change the bedding, and probably hoover up the crumbs he knew probably covered the floor.

"Well if I'm being honest I'm ready to move in like right now, it would probably take me like two days to get to Hawkins? So maybe like Monday?" Steve couldn't help but wonder once more, what had intrigued the girl from California so much to come to Hawkins, a three-day trip seemed far to go to live in this shithole of a town.

He sighed letting go of the phone cord. "Yeah, Monday sounds great, just to let you know I won't be home until around three-thirty, I've got school during the day." His mom would be pleased, he thought with a roll of his eyes, two days, two days until he would be living with a potential murderer.

"That's fine I probably won't make it into town until around about that time anyways," she said in return. "but if I am early I'll have a look around Hawkins, see what there is to see." Steve could hear her rustling around on the other end, probably holding down one of her last victims in California before she moved on to Hawkins, on to him.

"Yeah that sounds cool. I could just meet you at the house at like four?" He said waiting briefly for her reply.

"Sounds like a plan to me Steve Harrington." He could hear the brief pause in the girl's voice as she let out an airy laugh, probably at the amount of times he had said his name to begin with, oh god he hated himself sometimes, "See you on Monday at four."

"See you at Four Miss Burns," He let the line go dead before hanging the phone back on the wall. Miss Burns? really? he sounded like a sixty-year-old woman. What was he thinking agreeing to this plan of

his mom's, ok sure he wanted company around the house, but for a complete stranger to move in, and for him to oversee it while his parents were away? What the fuck.

Rolling his eyes one last time for good measure he glanced up at the clock which now showed it was coming up to nine o'clock.

Fuck it, he was going for Dustin now, no point in hanging out in his kitchen trying to find something to fill in the time. Grabbing his keys off the counter he headed for the front door, only stopping to pull on his trainers.

By the time he had reached the Wheeler's house it was nine-forty, he had decided at the last minute to take a detour and pick up two takeaway strawberry milkshakes from the diner for him and Dustin to have on the way back to the Henderson's. Where he had gotten stopped by Tommy H and Carol, Tommy boasting about some party he was throwing next week, one of which Steve was quite clearly not invited to. When he pulled up, he was glad to take note that the familiar blue Camaro was nowhere to be seen. He beeped his horn lightly, not wanting to get out of the car, and be faced with Nancy and Johnathan, who he knew would be home by now, by the rusty car that sat parked in front of the house.

A few minutes later he watched as Dustin came barrelling out the front door, waving behind him to Mike and Lucas, who appeared to be the last two of the party left.

Dustin reached out for the beamer and flung the door open, pushing his backpack to the ground as he climbed into the car slamming the door behind him and pulling on the seatbelt. "For the record Steve you missed a wild night of D&D," Dustin said as he clicked his seatbelt into place.

Steve bet that he did, Dustin's night was probably better than his. Steve began to pull away from the side walk glancing at Dustin who

was giving Mike and Lucas one final toothy grin and wave. “So, was it just Mike, Lucas and You who were left?” Steve asked as he came to the end of the street turning on to the main road.

“Will was there too, the girls went home earlier,” the younger boy said as he turned away from the window to face Steve.

Of course, Will was still there, duh, he had seen Johnathan’s car still outside. Will was always the small quiet one who had always kept to himself from what Steve could remember, he probably didn’t bother coming to the door.
“Did Max’s Brother pick her up?” Steve didn’t know why he had asked, Hargrove always picked Max up, Steve was even sure he had never actually met Max’s parents before.

“Step-brother, Steve. She hates it when we forget the step part. But yeah, he came for her. Max seemed off though,” Steve glanced at Dustin in time to see the boy frown slightly.

“What do you mean?”

“We planned on being at Mike’s until ten, all of us, except Jane – Hopper wanted to pick her up early just after his shift, which is totally shit, she should be able to come hang out with us longer by now, I mean –“

“Yeah, I get you Dustin, but why does Max leaving early make you think there was something off?” Steve cut his rambling off to get back on topic.

“Just, she had said something like, she had forgotten to bring something, and needed to get home before Billy found it,” Dustin frowned again, “But her brother is a total asshole Steve, he probably messes with her stuff all the time.”

“Watch the language kid, if your mom heard you.” Steve said, although he couldn’t help himself but think about what Dustin had said about Max, what exactly was Max scared that her brother – step Brother – would find, and why did she think she needed to have it on her to keep it safe.

Steve had noticed, like everyone else, that Hargrove was rude and cruel to Max, he had seen them in the past arguing in the car, in most cases ending with Max storming out and Hargrove speeding away in his Camaro. And Max had said that Hargrove only ever seemed to be angry now, all the time.

Dustin had a point, Steve thought, Billy Hargrove was an asshole.

Their conversation diverted to Dustin retelling the events of the intense game of D&D he had had with the party, while they drank their milkshakes, before Steve came to a halt outside the Henderson’s House.

“Thanks for the ride Steve, will I see you tomorrow?” Dustin said as he tugged on his bag to pull it into his lap before grabbing the handle of the door.

“No Kid not tomorrow, Monday though.”

“Why on Monday? I told you, the weather is starting to get warm, Me and Will were going to bike to Mike’s and go to school” He said hinting that he could be independent.

“No Dustin, remember, I told you, I’m starting as the coach’s assistant for some extra credit.” Steve had signed up to be the coach’s assistant before the winter break, before he missed the college application deadline But, maybe if he was lucky he could do one of the late

applications, sure he would probably be at some shitty college nobody else wanted to be at, but anything was better than Hawkins. Or maybe he could use the assistant thing for his cv, maybe help him get a job, a job that wouldn't be working for his dad.

"Holy Shit Steve! I forgot about that, you're basically going to be back at middle school two days a week with us, isn't that great?" Steve flinched at the younger boy's enthusiasm.

"Yeah, I know Dustin, it will be a blast," Dustin grinned at him, before pulling the car door open and climbing out. "I'll see you on Monday for your gym session dusty!" Steve called as Dustin slammed the door and gave Steve the middle finger at the pet name as he ran up to his front door.

Steve drove away from the house, knowing that he would have a full packed week. He was going to be helping the coach during his free periods (which he used to use to sneak out the back of the school and smoke with Tommy H between the gym and the teaching building), and he was also going to have some new chick moving in on Tuesday.
He shook his head as he drove home, fucking great, his life had gone from partying nearly every weekend, to dropping off kids, and thinking about fluffing pillows and changing bedsheets for his new roomie chosen by his mother.

Fucking fantastic.

2. Basketball & Eye Contact

Summary for the Chapter:

> Steve gets ready for his guest, and starts his assistant coaching

Max came running out the front door, slamming it with a grimace at the loud banging noise it made.

Billy looked up from where he was standing on the porch, cigarette already dangling from his plump lips waiting to be lit in the car. “I told you, I’m getting tired of waiting for your ass, fucking receptionist called Susan yesterday, to tell her how many times you’ve been late. It’s only the second fucking week back Max.” Billy gave her a pointed look, before continuing crossing the lawn to his Camaro. Yanking the door open, he stood with his eyes following Max as she rounded the other side of the car. He reached into the inside pocket of his denim jacket, pulling out his favourite lighter, flicking it open to light his cigarette as he cupped his hands around the end preventing the chilly air of Hawkins fighting the flame.

He looked up once again in time to see Max roll her eyes at him, before also yanking the door to his car open and climbing in, pulling her skateboard in between her legs. “Yeah, I know, wouldn’t be late if you dropped me off at the door.”

What a little whiny bitch, he thought, as he blew out smoke away from the car, and got in. “well then I would be late wouldn’t I? Just hurry your ass up next time, you were lucky it was Susan who picked up the phone.”

Max herself, knew that by ‘you were lucky’ really meant she was lucky Neil didn’t know or Billy would have given her a lot more shit about it than just a ‘hurry up next time’. Ever since she had met Billy and his dad, she knew they never got on well, and that Neil sometimes yelled at Billy for things. But ever since, the incident last year, she knew the truth about Neil and his own hatred and abuse towards his own son. She remembers the way Billy came home that night, hair ruined and matted to his head with his own blood, his

nose at an angle, fresh blood sweeping down his face covering the already drying layer. She remembers the way he had looked up at her, his eyes red and puffy whether it was from him crying or the punches or a mix of both she wasn't sure. She never had really liked Neil, but ever since they left California she knew he was Billy's version of a Demogorgon, Neil was Billy's Monster.

She knew though, that Billy would never speak about it, to her, to anyone. She sighed and shook her head at the older boy and turned to the window. "Yeah, I know, stop bitching, I'll be earlier," she knew it was better to just agree, for her and Billy's sake.

Billy glanced at the girl beside him, before turning the key in the ignition, and with a roar of the engine, he pulled out of the drive, mounting the side walk before, with another roar, speeding off down the street to the main road that would take them to the shitty Hawkins' high school.

They reached the main car park for the school, without speaking another word to each other, the only sound coming from the radio as it blasted out Scorpions, the music almost drowning out the sound of the engine, Almost.

Billy took one last drag from his cigarette, flicking it from his car window, before pulling into a space not too far away from the front door. As Max rustled around with her bag next to him, he looked around at the people in the car park, he could see a couple of guys, followers, waiting for him next to one of the guys' – Ryan if he remembered correctly - car. He kept scanning, winking at one of the Junior girls he made eye contact with, he watched as she gave a little giggle, and turned back to her friends, he would definitely be seeing how far he could get with her later this week.

It had been nearly two weeks since he had had properly fucked. Sure, he had gotten a couple of blowjobs at each of the two parties he had been to the previous weekends, but it was like his whole body was vibrating with the need to get off – no matter who it was with – even some average junior girl would do at this stage. As his eyes were turning to look back at Max, as she pulled on the door handle to let herself out, his eyes froze on a familiar russet coloured Beamer.

He watched as Max's gang of freaks piled out of the car, as Harrington chucked a backpack out of the passenger door towards the chubby curly haired kid. He watched as the guy shouted something out as the kid nodded and slammed the passenger door shut behind him.

Ever since the night at the weird kid byers' house, Billy had tried to reduce the amount of contact he had with Steve Harrington. Considering the fact Maxine had almost nailed his balls to the floor, he had made it his mission to stay away from the lot of them. The first day back at school after their fight, Billy had felt slightly ashamed at what he had done to Harrington, the guy who had pushed him off the edge that his own dad had brought him to.

For the next few weeks he had stayed away from Steve, who had become a constant reminder to Billy of the same characteristics he could share with his dad, that if he wasn't careful he would turn out just like him. Although he had wanted to stay away from Harrington, he still had a reputation to uphold, so when Tommy and his whore of a girlfriend had asked him if his busted-up lip and bruise around his eye had something to do with how fucked up Harrington had looked, he had smirked at the pair and had remarked on the fact that Harrington threw a weak punch, and that that was probably the real reason Wheeler had dumped his sorry ass. Of course, this had led to the whole school finding out that he and Harrington had gotten in to it. So, he had carried on his torment towards him with Tommy, bumping his shoulder and growling insults at the guy as they passed one another.

Things had gone back to normal after their fight, Billy had gone back to be the number one asshole around town, and Steve Harrington had become even more of a nobody, especially after it became clear his perfect princess girlfriend had left him and moved on to the freak Byers.

Billy turned his gaze away from Harrington as he parked his beamer further along the car park and grabbed his bag from the back of the Camaro. Without looking back at Max, he growled "get a move on Max, don't be late."

He watched over the top of the car as Max rolled her eyes and

slammed the door. “Shut up Billy, I told you, I’ll try.”

Another thing which had developed since the night at the Byers was Maxine’s confidence around him. It was like she had stopped being scared of him. Which had slightly pissed him off because it meant she was less likely to do as he asked, he didn’t like the fact that he had less control over the situation. He needed the control. Max was one of the few things he had been able to control in his life since leaving Cali. He was able to handle the way his anger could be put on her, he needed that control. She was of few people who would actually argue back with him, put up a fight. She helped feed the burning anger in him, allowed it to sizzle, before he could bring it down back to normal.

“Yeah, whatever.” With that being the last word, Max dropped her skateboard to the ground and stood on it, pushing off and heading for the main door of the middle school.

Billy himself, locked his car door, and pulled the strap of his bag on to his shoulder, before heading over to where the guys were patiently waiting for him. As he got closer Ryan, one of the guys he could actually remember the name of, turned to look at him. “Hey man, we were just speaking about how Harrington has apparently signed up to be the coach’s assistant for the middle schoolers gym sessions. How fucking lame is that? Didn’t think the guy could get any further away from being King Steve if he tried,” Said Ryan with a wheez of a laugh, that grated on Billy’s nerves.

Billy turned to look at the boy with a curl of his upper lip. “Don’t be such a fag, Miller, maybe you should concern yourself with just how boring you are rather than Harrington.” Billy spat back at the boy.

God, really? Who gave a shit what Harrington was doing helping the coach out. Billy didn’t.

Miller blushed but didn’t reply as they headed towards the building. He watched as the guys talked amongst themselves. He didn’t want anything to do with their stupid conversation, on whether or not Miss Campbell the English teacher would be wearing her pink flurry tight blouse today.

Billy made sure the other boys were distracted, as he looked back at the Beamer one last time. He watched as Harrington sprung from his car grabbing his bag and began to sprint towards one of the entrances of the building. He could just make out the fading bruise around the other guys right eye. He could still remember the feeling of his fists hitting Harrington's pretty preppy face, the feeling of the skin of his knuckles splitting, and the mixture of both his and Harrington's blood on his hands. He would never say it aloud, but when he finally woke up after Max had injected him with God only knows what, he had freaked. He had thought maybe he had gone too far, he had thought maybe they had taken Harrington to the hospital, that maybe – and he flinched ever so slightly at the thought – that he had killed him.
Harrington had barely said or looked at him since that night. Sure, he thought, they hadn't exactly been best friends or anything before hand, so it was probably inevitable they were going to get into some type of physical altercation.

Ever since the first time Tommy had pointed out Harrington to him in the crowded hall way, he had been obsessed with trying to up one on Harrington, the popular guy, the guy who had had all the girls flaunting for him, King Steve. Fucking small town, with its small-minded people, he had thought. Harrington was your typical popular boy, it had made Billy sick to watch such a stereotype walk around the halls with his girlfriend.

So, Billy aimed to be better, to show the shit town of Hawkins, what a real man was like, not this scrawny fluffed up hair kid.

He couldn't help but watch the older boy in the halls, at basketball, the way that nobody seemed to notice he existed, so why the hell had he been called King Steve? When he had asked Tommy about it fleetingly, trying to play it cool, he was told Harrington had shacked up with Nancy Wheeler – Hawkins' stereotypical quiet nerdy girl.
Billy was – although would never admit it – was memorised by the older boy. The way he didn't seem to care he had no one else but the girl, as if she was the only one who mattered. Billy felt a pang of jealousy in his gut, whenever he had looked at the two of them. He couldn't help it. It had made him miss what he had had with his friends in Cali, that kind of relationship where nobody else outside of your shared bubble mattered. He had felt anger at the sudden

realisation that he was jealous of fucking Nancy Wheeler.

So, he had started to torment the guy. Letting the likes of Tommy H. latch on to him, to show Harrington that he could easily be replaced by something bigger and better. Billy had taken the full opportunity when playing basketball to get up into Harrington's face, to hiss insults at him, throw him off his game to take the ball and to embarrass him in front of his classmates.

It had all been fine until the Byers, after that Billy had backed off a bit, realising that for the safety of his balls it wasn't worth it to keep up the harsh consistent torment of Steve Harrington.

Billy was brought out of his thoughts by the bell ringing, signalling the beginning of the day. As Billy flung his locker shut with more force than necessary, heading to his first lesson, with Miss Campbell, he couldn't help himself, while the other boys spoke about Miss Campbell's perky features, he couldn't help but think about Basketball, something to look forward to, to get him through his day.

Steve was nervous. He couldn't help it. He had arrived at the middle school early this morning, had managed to even get there before the Coach had. He didn't know exactly why he was so nervous, it wasn't like he had never been in the gym before, or that he didn't know the staff. He thought maybe it had something to do with 'teaching' kids he was friends with, younger siblings of people he was in the same year with, it just felt odd, that he should be with them and not sitting on the bench with a fecking clipboard waiting to do the register.

Steve had spent all of yesterday, preparing himself and his house for the week. The mystery girl had called in the afternoon to update him on her move. She had told him she could probably arrive earlier than four but would kill time until he was finished at school. Which, he figured, was nice of her.

He had spent Sunday changing the sheets of the bed in the spare bedroom and setting up clean fluffy towels in the en-suite. He had then, out of boredom, dusted every last inch of the house. He wanted to make a good first impression with the girl, especially knowing that they would most likely be stuck with each other for at least a couple of weeks. Until she realises, what a massively bad decision she has

made moving from California to little nowhere Hawkins.
At night he had packed up a spare pair of shorts for today and had managed to get some decent amount of sleep.

Now, he stood with a clipboard handed to him by the coach, and was calling out names of Freshmans, ticking each name off with every 'here' he heard. He tried to keep his eyes on the clipboard, in an attempt to avoid making eye contact with Dustin, who he knew would be grinning at him.

When he reached Dustin's name on the list he looked up and met Dustin's over the top smile. With a mumble he called out "Dustin Henderson."

"Here Steve!" Steve watched with a slight cringe as Dustin even gave him a little wave.

"Henderson! You call him Mr Harrington!" came the call of the coach from behind Steve. Dustin jumped at the gruff call.

Steve carried on through the list of names, looking up in surprise when he read out 'Maxine Mayfield'. He hadn't even noticed she was in this class, or that she was standing next to Dustin. He figured it was because he couldn't recall ever seeing the girl with her hair tied up and out of her face before.

Steve briefly explained that they were going to be doing dodgeball and set up eight pink balls in the middle of the hall and divided the class into two. With a blow of the coach's whistle Steve watched as the kids battled each other.

Before Steve knew, he was heading from the middle school to his last period of the day. The day had passed quick for him, only having to deal with one injury to a girl who had gotten a ball thrown off her face. He was surprised to find that he had actually enjoyed helping out the coach during his free periods, it had beat sitting in study hall or the library studying subjects he was sure was not going to be any use to him.

Steve always enjoyed having gym last period on a Monday, the coach made sure that it was only reserved for the senior boys, which meant

that Basketball was going to be the main game. As Steve was already in his gym shorts from helping out with the middle schoolers he went straight to the gymnasium and sat firmly on the bottom step of the bleachers facing the main door waiting for the rest of the guys to come barrelling through the gymnasium doors.

Steve flinched when the bell rang signalling for the students to move to their next period. He sat listening as the other guys shouted and messed around in the hall outside the main door, assuming they were heading into the locker room before practice.

Steve, glanced to the door that led to the locker room as he heard, he presumes, Tommy H. shouting for Hargrove. Not a second later Tommy slammed the gym door open, the metal banging against the concrete wall, swaggering out Tommy glances around the gymnasium before his eyes land on Steve sitting on the bleachers. Steve watches as Tommy's mouth pulls up into a smirk before he looks back behind him to Hargrove, who had just strolled out of the door behind him. Steve's eyes move from his old friend to the blond behind him.

There he was. Surrounded by his band of mouth breathers. He watches as the group of boys give each other nudges, almost seeing who can push back the hardest. He watches as a guy named - if he remembers correctly – James nudges Hargrove with his elbow and nods his head towards him with a smirk. Hargrove struts towards him rolling his shoulders as he approaches, his tongue doing that thing where it flicks out to lick his lower lip.

Steve stands from where he sits, stepping down the bleachers and moving on to the court meeting Billy nearly half-way. Steve could tell from the glances Tommy kept giving Hargrove, that he was waiting for the younger guy to start something with Steve. Why the fuck was I ever friends with him? Steve thinks to himself as he watches Tommy smirk at him while giving him the look over.

"Well lookie here, if it isn't King Steve. Tommy here was just telling me that you are helping coach with the middle schoolers." Billy pauses allowing for Steve to hear the little sniggers from the guys behind him. "Was my kid sister not enough for you Harrington? Had to return back to the middle school to pick your next victim?" Steve rolls his eyes at the younger man while shaking his head and putting

his hands on his waist.

“Piss off Hargrove, I told you, I was babysitting for Mrs Byers. And I’m helping coach for extra credit,” Steve watches as Hargrove flings his head back and lets out a bray of laughter, before smirking back at Steve.

He couldn’t stop his eyes from leaving Hargrove’s to glance down to his mouth as he lets his tongue glide across his plump lip and top teeth, before biting his bottom lip. Bet they’re as soft as they look. Steve’s cheeks tinged pink a little at his absurd thought his eyes flicking straight back to Hargrove’s eyes.

“You’re not serious? Extra credit? Bet you are needing plenty of that, aren’t you Harrington?” Billy half whispered as he moved closer to Steve only leaving only a couple of feet between them.

Steve’s body tenses, and he swears he could feel his face tingle where his bruises were nearly faded.
“unless you haven’t just moved on from my sister, but maybe women altogether, don’t tell me you’re gonna start watching the guys in their shorts Harrington,” he paused, the boys behind him scoffing. Leaning closer to Steve without breaking eye contact he continued. “Don’t tell me you have a thing for little boys too? That would explain your choice of friends Harrington, you a fag now? Is that it?”

Steve could feel the warmth of each breath which came from the man in front of him with each word that was sneered at him. They were so close, when he breathed in he could feel his chest brush against Hargrove’s toned one. They were frozen, staring at each other, a show down, or so Steve thought as he unintentionally leant closer.

Noses almost touching, Steve opened his mouth to reply with a quick remark, pausing as he watched Hargrove’s gaze flick from his eyes down to his lips. Steve would swear on his own grave that he heard a small intake of breath come from the boy in front of him, as his sneer seemed to hesitate for a second.

But Steve blinked, and the sneer was back on the boy’s face, and his eyes were back on Steve’s. Steve let out a puff of air as he leaned back putting needed space between him and Hargrove.

“I’m not playing your game Hargrove, I’m here for basketball, not to start fights.” He turned away reaching down for his water bottle he had left on the bleachers when he stood.

Billy’s eyes followed the boy in front of him. They had been so close, too close, close enough it would have taken no more steps, only one tilt of the head; too close. He closed his eyes for a split of a second, god he needed to get laid. He turned back around to the gang behind him. He stretched his arms out and leaned back on his hunches.

“You hear that boys? Harrington ain’t here to play. Guess we got our hopes up then.” He said grinning back at the boys in front of him as they sneered and laughed with him.

Steve turned back to face the group of boys, as he watched Hargrove’s back as he spoke. Steve couldn’t help but roll his eyes once more. Typical. He watched as the group laughed at him, Tommy smacking Billy on the shoulder, while his lips pulled to the side in a smirk. He ignored Tommy and focused back on Hargrove, as he begun to turn to face Steve again, opening his mouth to – Steve presumed – to insult him one last time for good measure.

Before Hargrove could speak though, Tommy cut him off. “Hey Harrington, is it true you’re gonna be having some bitch living with you?”

Steve’s eyebrows rose a little at the question, he’d only spoken to the girl yesterday, so how in the hell did Tommy H already know?

“Where you hear that?”

“I have my sources.”

Steve scoffs at the guy he once used to call his friend. God how desperate was I? “So, your mom then.”

A couple of the guys beside Tommy sniggered, and Steve noticed that even Hargrove’s upper lip rose slightly, as quick as it appeared it was gone replaced with his – and Steve was certain of this – near permanent sneer.

Tommy nudged one of the guys beside him while mummering

something under his breath, before turning back to Steve. “Well is it true or not?”

Steve rolled his eyes. “Yeah, so what?”

Tommy grinned and moved forward to elbow Hargrove’s left arm. “Looks like Harrington might actually have a chance of getting laid, I mean he hasn’t had much luck – even before his fucking prefect princess girlfriend Wheeler.” Tommy barked out a harsh laugh. “I mean, even Wheeler left your ass, can’t be as good as you think Harrington, if you can’t even satisfy Miss Perfect.”

Steve shook his head, sure Nance had left him for Byers, but he still loved her, and there was no need for people like fucking Tommy H to call her out on it.
“Fuck off Tommy, at least I’m not you who has been with the same girl since middle school because nobody else can fucking stand to be around you, or deal with your tiny cock.” Steve watched as Tommy flushed red with a mixture of embarrassment and anger at the comment.

“I’m sure she won’t be stupid enough to actually sleep with you Harrington, no point in getting your hopes up about it.” Hargrove says, making direct eye contact with Steve again. “like I said to you – plenty of bitches in the sea, guess you’ve just got to find one that you can actually satisfy Harrington.”

Steve raised his eyebrow at the guy.

the gymnasium metal door swung open, clattering against the wall as the coach walked in. Steve sighed with relief as everyone’s attention turned to the coach instead of him.

His eyes moved from the coach back to Hargrove, who still stood staring at Steve. Steve stared back not breaking eye contact until he watched Hargrove’s eyes scan down him, sneer at him once more before turning to the coach. Steve sighed once more, as the coach gave the class instructions on the warm up for the lesson.

As the class began, Steve was left to his thoughts. He had expected worse from Hargrove, he knew it was ridiculous, but he had almost

expected to get the shit beaten out of him again, just for showing up. He could almost laugh at how stupid he had been to think that Hargrove would just come in and beat his face in. But he couldn't help the surge of nervousness that went through him, the tension in his bones whenever he looked at Hargrove, it was like he was just waiting for the barricade to drop and witness the full throttle of Billy Hargrove again.

As Billy stood listening to the coach rattle off the same warm up instructions he did every time he had gym, his eyes scanned to make sure everyone's attention was on the coach, as his body betrayed him, and his head turned slightly to look back at Harrington.

Steve stood with his hands resting on his hips listening intently to the coach's every word, Billy watched as Harrington reached up to ruffle his hair with his hand. Licking his bottom lip, he turned back to face the coach as he instructed the other guys. He followed them as they began to move to collect some of the basketballs for the warm up.

Thankfully Steve managed to get through the rest of the gym session with minimum contact with Billy, of course they were on opposite teams, so Steve had spent most of his time on the orange floor. But other than that, he would say he came out the other end of the session less bruised than previous games. One point to me, Steve thought sarcastically to himself.

As they all headed to the locker room, Steve grabbed his stuff, glancing at the time on his wrist watch. Shit, it was already three forty-five. He wouldn't have enough time to shower properly before meeting the mystery girl.

So, he quickly changed into his normal clothes grabbed his book bag and headed for the exit slamming his locker shut on the way.

As Steve left he was unaware of the pair of startling blue eyes that followed him.

Notes for the Chapter:

> Hi, I promise you all that it will get there eventually.
> I wasn't gonna post another chapter so soon - ie the

next day - but hopefully u guys want it haha

3. Mustangs & Pizza

Summary for the Chapter:

> Joyce and Steve meet the new girl in town. A flashback to Billy and Co. In California.

Joyce Byers stood leaning against the glass counter of the convenience store she had worked for more than ten years for. The day had been dragging since she started this morning.

Glancing at her wrist watch she noted that it was three o'clock, almost time for her to leave to pick up Will from school. She sighed and pulled her worn out tan jacket closer around her shoulders. As she moved to sit back down in the stool behind her the bell above the main door rang.

Standing up a tad bit straighter with the company of another, she frowned at the figure who walked past her with a tender smile. The girl looked young, no older than her Johnathan. Joyce's curiosity got the better of her as she followed the girl around the visible aisles with her eyes.
Joyce raised her eyebrow at the girl's back, reaching for the magazine in front of her to give the illusion she was reading it.

The young woman was beautiful. Joyce couldn't think of a better word to describe her.

She had what appeared to be naturally curly dark brown hair with lighter highlights, the length reaching halfway down her back. From what Joyce had seen briefly of the girl's face, she had quite sharp facial features, which complimented her startling blue eyes.

Joyce flicked her eyes back to her magazine as the girl turned around, however as she moved to approach Joyce, she turned the magazine over and leaned away from the counter to meet the girl's

eyes. “after-noon,” Joyce spoke softly to her.

The girl smiled up at her, and reached into her basket to pull out, a packet of toothpaste and toothbrush. “Hi,” the girl paused for a brief moment before speaking once more. “you wouldn’t happen to have towels here, would you?” She let out a soft chuckle.

“Yes, they’re right at the back let me get you one sweetheart. Any preference in colour?” Joyce asks as she moves from behind the counter, eyes still on the girl as she moves to the back.

“Ooh I’ll have a blue one if you have.” The girl rests her hands on the counter and leans forward raising her voice slightly, so Joyce could still hear her.

Joyce came back not a second later with a light blue fluffy towel in hand.

The girl’s smile stretched across her mouth as she looked at the towel. “thank you,” she pauses to look down at the name tag attached to Joyce’s jacket, “Joyce.”

Laying the towel down on the counter Joyce smiles back up at the girl in return and reaches down for a bag for the items.

“So, you’re from out of town?”

The girl tentatively tucks a stray curl behind her right ear. “That obvious?” the girl lets out another chuckle.

Joyce smiles and hands the filled bag to the girl. “Hawkins is a small town, around here everyone knows everyone, or at least recognises them.”

“I bet.” The girl reaches into her back pocket and pulls out a couple of dollars.

“I’m from California, thought I would start fresh, small and quiet.” The girl continues to have a small smile on her face as Joyce hands her back her change.

“Well Hawkins may be small, but it’s not always that quiet.” She says letting out a small chuckle of her own. If the past two years of Joyce’s life was anything to go by, Hawkins was definitely not quiet.

The girl reaches out her hand to Joyce, “My name is Angelina by the way.”

Joyce reaches and shakes the girls small hand.

“Joyce, but of course you already knew that.” She says pointing to her name tag. “Well Angelina I hope you like it here in Hawkins, maybe I’ll see you going about.”

“You can call me Angie,” Angelina says as she smiles and moves backwards, putting her change in the back pocket of her – and Joyce took notice very – tight high waisted denim jeans. With her tight red top, Joyce took note that Angelina was not self-conscious in the slightest. “and yeah, hopefully I’ll see you around, Joyce.”

As Joyce moves to reach for her magazine again Angie turns back around and once again approaches the glass counter. “I actually have no idea where I am going. I’m supposed to be staying at the Harrington’s?”

Joyce raised her eyebrows at the girl’s living arrangements. Elizabeth Harrington was rarely home, always following her husband on his business trips, not trusting him to be alone. She didn’t think Elizabeth

would really let her son live with a complete stranger.

“Harrington? My son is friends with Steve.”

“I haven’t met him yet, I’m supposed to be meeting him outside the house at four o’clock.”

“you’ll have plenty of time sweetheart, like I said, Hawkins is small, takes you less than fifteen minutes to get through the whole town.” As her eyes scan the girl as she gives her the directions she needs, she thinks to herself she wasn’t too bad, that maybe Elizabeth had picked a good candidate.

“Thanks again Joyce, see you around!” She says as she sprints to the door, her white Nike sneakers squeaking on the vinyl of the floor.

Angelina reached for her car door and yanked it open, chucking the bag with the her purchased items into the back seat with the few boxes of items she took from California.

She looked over the boxes she had scrawled labels onto a few days ago.

Moving to Hawkins was probably one of the biggest things she had ever done on her own. Before she would have relied on her brother to take charge of such a big operation, whenever they had moved around when they were younger, it was always Daniel that made plans, she just put them in motion. She knew that she couldn’t stay in California after her brother had passed away though, the only thing closest to family she had left was here in Hawkins. To Angie, it felt like years ago since they were altogether, in reality it was only less than six months ago.

She and Danny had met Billy Hargrove when they were only fifteen

years old, Billy being only fourteen.

She smiled fondly at the memory of her meeting Billy for the first time. Her and Danny had been put into the local foster home after being found living on the streets of Cali and had been there for nearly a week before Billy had shown up.

Billy Hargrove, with his blond curly hair, and messy clothes, looking like a lost puppy. If it wasn't for Billy showing up, Angie thinks her, and Danny would have run away from the foster home the following week.

"Right, this is William Hargrove, and he will be staying with us, until his father can come get him." The old grouchy woman spoke in a monotone voice as she pushed her oval glasses up her nose and with the other hand pushed the young boy towards where Angelina and Daniel stood beside the stairs. "Angelina and Daniel, show Mr. Hargrove around. Mr Hargrove you will be sharing a room with Daniel here." The woman said nodding towards Danny before walking down the hall leaving the young teens alone.

Angie watched as the boy in front of her breathed in while pushing his shoulders back, as if preparing himself for what was to come. Angelina closed her eyes briefly feeling for the boy's emotions.

While he was putting up a front Angie could sense how scared he was – no – how terrified he was to be here. She searched further and could feel an overwhelming amount of sadness, could see a gentle face of a woman in his head, a blurry image, of her long blonde curls, but she could see the caring open look on the woman's face. His mother. It was the only explanation for such love he clearly felt for the woman. She reached further out into his mind-

With a startle Angie was drawn out of her mind. Daniel had elbowed her side. She turned back to the boy and smiled gently at him.

"Hi William, I'm Angelina, but you can call me Angie, and this is my

brother Daniel." She said pointing to the tall dark fluffy haired boy beside her.

"*Hey man, just call me Danny. Don't worry, it ain't that bad, you only gotta worry about the food around here." Daniel reached out and took the duffel bag from the ever so slightly smaller boy's arms.*

Angie raised her eyebrow slightly at her brother. Not just yesterday he was making plans for their great escape from this – and she quotes – 'Hell Hole'. Angie watched as the boy looked between her and her brother before visibly deflating.

"Billy, not William." He said moving his hands to his jacket pockets.

Ever since then the trio had been inseparable. Her and Danny had even stuck around the foster home for nearly a year after that, so they could be with Billy and even go to school with him. Billy had ended up being in the foster home for just under two weeks before his dad came for him.

However, His dad had only lived ten minutes away from the foster home, which allowed for frequent visits. Of course, Danny and she had done side jobs for that year, and had left the foster home before finishing school, so they could work full time, which had meant they had to leave school nearly two years earlier.

Damn that was so long ago. Angelina thought to herself shaking her head at the thought.

After Mr Hargrove had taken his son away nearly 6 months ago from Angie and her brother, the family had up and left California altogether, So, here she was. In Hawkins. Following Billy fucking Hargrove, like he was her last life line.

Angie shook her head at the thought, she had no one else, of course

she was going to follow Billy. Daniel would have wanted her to be here.

What am I doing with my life? She thought to herself as she turned back around in her leather seat, fixing her top, before turning the key in the ignition and roaring up her beloved red 1974 Mustang.

Ok it still felt weird calling it her car, considering it had originally been Danny's.

She looked down at the piece of paper Joyce from the convenience store had written directions on, before looking at her wrist. It was three thirty, which would give her plenty of time – according to Joyce – to get to the Harrington's in time for four.

Angie would admit she was quite nervous to meet the young man she would be living with for god only knows how long, probably as long as Mrs Harrington would allow her to.

With one final shake of her head Angie reached for the sunglasses that sat in the passenger seat, put them on and pulled out of the parking space, and headed down the directed road that would ultimately take her to her new home.

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Steve had quickly chucked his belongings into the back of his beamer and drove out of the parking lot before any of the rest of the basketball team were finished in the locker room. He mentally went over the list of chores he had done on Sunday, making sure that he had actually done everything that his mom had directed him to do, so the place was in the right state for our new guest, as his mom had put it.

As he pulled down his street, he inhaled nervously at the sight of an unfamiliar car, which as he got closer had a young woman leaning

against the driver's door, cigarette hanging loosely from her fingers.

He watched as her eyes looked up from whatever she was looking at and watched him approach his own driveway. When he had parked outside his house, he closed his eyes and took a deep breath, before opening the door and stepping out to meet his new house mate – or murderer – he still wasn't sure about that yet.

He stood by his car awkwardly as he waited for the girl to get out of her car – her super awesome car, way better than his beamer. He rang his hands in a nervous manner as he waited for her to get closer to him. He had to admit his mom knew how to pick them.

She was stunning, had all the right curves in all the right places, it brought his thoughts back to what Tommy had said about getting laid. Maybe this wouldn't be as bad as he had originally thought.

He watched as she dropped her cigarette to the ground placing a white Nike trainer on top, making sure it was out, before pulling her sleeves over her hands, which he presumed was her tell tale sign for being nervous.

"Hey, Steve Harrington, right?" she said smiling at him. God she was beautiful, even her smile was perfect.

"eh, yeah that's me. Angelina, right?" He said reaching out for her hand.

Angelina reached out and shook it. "yeah, just Angie. When your mom mentioned that you guys had a big house, she never quite described just how big it would be."

Steve reached his hand behind his head and ran his hand through his hair. A year ago, he would have loved for someone to point out how big and luxurious his home was. Now it just felt overrated. "Yeah it's big." Idiot.

“Can’t imagine it’s nice to be here by yourself all the time, must get a bit lonely?” Angie said meeting his eyes, while leaning her right hip against the side of his beamer.

“Yeah it does sometimes, but I normally have some of my friends stay over,” what she didn’t need to know was by friends he really meant Dustin, and sometimes the rest of the party. “right so do you need a hand with taking things into the house?”

Angie raised her eyebrows leant away from the beamer and turned back to her car, which held her boxed up life from California. Turning back to Steve she smiled, “yeah that would be great, only if you don’t mind helping.”

“yeah sure, don’t worry about it, nice ride by the way.”

Steve watched as the girl –Angie – blushed. “Thanks, she used to be my brothers, but she’s my pride and joy too.” She stated as she moved towards the Mustang, Steve close on her heels.

“Your brother still back in California?” Steve attempted to make light conversation as she bent into the car to reach for the first box to hand to him.

“Eh, no, my brother actually passed away a couple of weeks ago,” she paused watching as Steve started to stutter back a reply as his eyes widened.

She interrupted him quickly continuing, “Don’t worry it’s ok, he had…erm… been ill for the past couple of months, wasn’t anything we didn’t expect.” She handed him the box that had a sharpie scrawl of ‘Clothes’ written on it.

Steve took the box and turned back to the house with it, heading for the front door, he turned back over his shoulder to see Angie following him with a smaller box with the word 'Danny' written on it.

He presumed Danny was her brother. Of course, one of the first questions he had to ask was about her dead brother. Well done Harrington, he thought to himself.
"Still sorry about that, must have been hard," he replied, unlocking the front door, and placing the box on the floor beside the stairs.

"Thanks, he's one of the reasons I moved here. Needed a fresh start, Hawkins seemed like the best option. Seemed the most different I could get from Cali" She said dumping the second box beside his.

Steve scoffed a little at her words. "Yeah, Hawkins is probably the furthest you could get from being similar to California."

Angie smiled and laughed back, "Yeah it definitely is."

They wordless walked back to the car to grab the last box, and for Angelina to grab the bag of items she had bought earlier in the day.

"So, have you always lived in Hawkins?" she asked as Steve shut the front door behind them, and moved to take one of the boxes upstairs, and show Angelina her room.

"Yeah, unfortunately, only left a couple of times to go on holiday with my parents. You'll find that most people in Hawkins grew up here, and the people who move here are moving back." Steve paused to open the door to the bedroom, moving in and placing the box on the bed.

"So, this is your room, there's an en-suite in here as well, so you don't have to worry about sharing or anything. Em, I also left towels in the bathroom encase you needed." He said placing his hands on his hips

watching Angelina as her eyes roamed around the room.

“There must be some people who move to Hawkins who never grew up here?” she questioned dumping her own box on to the bed, ignoring what Steve had said about the room.

Steve sighed, “yeah there is one family, but you don’t really see them that much just their kids. They’re actually from California as well. Didn’t think Hawkins would even be known out there.”

“You don’t say,” Angie mumbled under her breathe as she sat on the bed, bouncing lightly on it as if testing it.

“Yeah, but I wouldn’t bother with them, the youngest kid Max she’s cool, but Hargr- I mean the son – he’s not worth your time.” Steve said standing awkwardly in the doorway watching the girl on the bed, the bed he had only just washed and changed on Sunday.

Angelina frowned at him. “What makes you say that?”

Steve’s cheeks tinge slightly. “I go to school with him, he’s a bit of a dick to be honest. Beat me to a pulp a couple of months ago. Couldn’t see out of my left eye for like a week.”

Angie raised her eyebrows, she shouldn’t be surprised, Billy did have a tendency for fighting, but it sounded like he had gone a bit off the rails since the last time she had seen him.

“Shit, really? what did you do to deserve that?”

“I was babysitting his younger sister – Step-sister.” Angie frowned at him. Steve nodded his head at her expression. “Yeah I know, exactly my point for why I think he’s a dick.”

There was a pause between them Angelina looking around admiring the room, it was one hell of a step up from her dingy apartment. She turned back to stare at Steve standing awkwardly at the door frame.

“Bet he’s hot though.”

Steve’s head whips up to meet Angie’s grinning face. “what?”

“I said, I bet he’s hot.” At Steve’s confused look she continues. “The bad boy, who beats up the other good-looking guys at school, he’s definitely gonna be hot.”

Steve blushes slightly at her words, whether it was her comment about him being good-looking or not he wasn’t sure.

“Well, is he?” Angelina laughs under her breath at the boy in front of her as he crosses his arms across his chest and starts to stutter a little.

“I guess, yeah he would be classed as hot by most people.” Steve replies lifting his fingers to create air quotes.

He had seen the way the girls at Hawkins high looked at Hargrove, and he wasn’t a fool, he knew Hargrove was good-looking, the way he always wore his shirts half unbuttoned down to his navel to show off his toned tanned chest, and the way he strutted around in those tight jeans of his. Steve blushed once more at his trail of thought.

Angelina laughs at the flushed look on the boy’s face. Of course, she knew for a fact that Billy Hargrove was hot, but it was interesting to see Steve get so flustered at her question.

Steve avoids meeting her eyes by looking around the room and then slaps his hands together. “Right, enough about that, how about we go

get the other boxes and then order a welcome to shitty Hawkins pizza?" Angie stands from where she sat nodding at him.

"Pizza? I think I already like you Steve Harrington." She says moving past Steve and down the hall.

Steve followed her as she went. What had he gotten himself into? If this girl turned out to be like the rest of them in Hawkins, flaunting themselves for Hargrove, he doesn't think he could handle it.

Oh god, what if she brings him back here? What if they start doing it here?

Steve couldn't stop his train of thought which lead him to picturing the girl in front of him, in front of Hargrove, on top of Hargrove, underneath Hargrove. Steve blushed once more feeling himself harden ever so slightly at his thoughts.

Making sure Angelina was facing ahead he quickly reached down and adjusted himself. He couldn't believe that his thoughts of Hargrove had turned him on so quickly. He shook his head lightly reaching for the box beside Angie, allowing for her to walk up the stairs in front of him.

Not thoughts of Hargrove, thoughts of this new girl Angelina, with that tight ass. Not thoughts of Hargrove's naked body behind her, pounding that tight ass.

He shook his head once again. No definitely not of Hargrove, just of her ass.

———

Not long after Steve had shown Angelina properly around the house, showing her the kitchen and telling her that she is welcome to help herself to any food already there, and that they could make a shopping list together. He informed her that he normally goes once a week.

They order a pizza, and when it arrives they sit at the Kitchen table, Steve telling her a bit about Hawkins and his family. Angelina staying mostly quiet, listening intently to Steve as he spoke fondly of the town and his family, only giving Steve very basic information about her history in California.

She didn't know why she didn't just tell Steve that she was aware of who the Hargrove's are, she just felt that it would be wrong to tell Steve, without letting Billy know she was here first.

She needed to figure out more about Hawkins first before finding Billy, she had read in one of the newspapers about Hawkins lab being forced to shut down its operations due to a 'chemical leak'.

What a load of bullshit, Angie thought. She needed to find out the truth, what had happened to Eleven after her and her brother were 'let go'.

As Steve spoke a bit about Hopper, the police chief, and how he was a 'pretty cool guy' so she wouldn't have to 'worry too much about him', Angelina pulled her sleeves over her palms instinctively.

Although she liked Steve, she wasn't sure how much he knew about Hawkins lab, or how much his family and the towns people knew. So, she wasn't about to accidentally let him see her brand on her right wrist.

A brand that read 09.

Notes for the Chapter:

> Just a short chapter to introduce Angelina - next chapter will have more Billy & Steve dynamic in it.
> Wasn't sure how to start this chapter, was gonna have it as one of the party noticing her, but realised they should be in school! So it was between hopper and Joyce. But i'm Saving hopper for later haha.

Let me know what you guys think below !
Xxx

4. Secret Desires & French Toast

Summary for the Chapter:

Billy has urges and Angie makes breakfast for steve

The Twisted Sisters the Price blared into Billy's ears from his cassette player as he lay in his small lumpy bed still clad in his tightest jeans, biker boots tangling off the edge, facing the poster of Farah Fawcett that was taped to his ceiling, the tape ever so slightly peeling.

When he had gotten home from school, Maxine had blatantly ignored him and had stomped off to her room, slamming the door behind her, as if to make a point of just how much she hates him. Well, he couldn't give a flying fuck about the little brat hating him. He scoffed at the thought. He was sure he could out do her any day with the hatred he felt for her in return.

He turned his head to his right to look out of his bedroom window, he couldn't see much from the angle he was looking out at it, but the slowly darkening sky. It was enough though to know it was Hawkins that he was looking out to. Fuck Max and her big mouth. It's her fault they're stuck in this shit hole of a place that they like to call a town. Pfft.

The only benefit about being in Hawkins was that his dad had to leave on business trips for work frequently, because he had chosen to live so far out. For the past two days Billy only had to suffer Maxine's presence. On Saturday his dad had taken Susan along with him. Not before coming into Billy's room the night before and making sure that he understood clearly that Max was to be home when they got home. Grabbing the scruff of his collar and pulling him close to whisper, "I swear to God Billy, if you fuck up like last time, then we are gonna have to have a more serious talk about what I really mean

about respect and responsibility." Asshole. Like it was Billy's fault Max went running after Lucas Sinclair, after he had fucking told her not to.

Billy reached out for his pack of Marlboro cigarettes, opening the pack to only find two left in the crumpled packet. "Shit," he'd have to get more tomorrow morning before school, no way would one do him. Placing one between his lips, sitting up to reach for his zippo that sat on the pile of books next to his bed. Lighting the cigarette, he lay back on his bed, attempting to turn the cassette up, knowing already it was full blast as We're not gonna take it began to play.

Monday night and this was what his life was. Sitting listening to music and smoking the last of his cigarettes. A few months ago, he would have been at some party down at the beach, getting high with – no. He couldn't bring himself to think about them right now. Closing his eyes and taking a deep inhale of smoke his brain flickered to Daniel and Angie, on its own need for familiarity. Shit. He exhaled. Opening his eyes, he stared up in the direction of the poster, his mind focused elsewhere. Monday nights were reserved for Pizza and getting high off the one joint they could afford together. Billy smiled around the burning cigarette in his mouth as a memory of one of the Monday nights they had shared together came to mind. He remembers the way he and Danny had sat on the old shitty couch him and Angie had had, while she had sat in front of them on the floor. Passing round the joint followed by the box of pizza.

He remembers the feeling of Danny reaching out and threading his fingers through his hair, pulling at his curls slightly as they sat watching the tv afterwards.

He remembers feeling Angie's eyes on them from behind as she made herself busy in the kitchen.

Remembers Danny reaching down with his other hand to gently stroke Billy's thigh, his legs opening unconsciously at the welcoming touch. He vaguely remembers Angie leaving the room, as Danny's

hand wondered higher reaching out with his fingertips to lightly press against Billy's slowly hardening cock.

Billy let out a small hitched sound at the memory his hand reaching down to mirror the same action, he hadn't even noticed he was getting hard at the thought.

God, he remembers feeling Danny's warm lips resting against the junction between his neck and collar bone, too light to be a kiss yet too hot to be anything less.

Danny had pressed firmly to his jean clad cock before pulling back, "you want a drink?" he had stood up heading to the kitchen. Billy remembers feeling frustrated at the tease that Danny had been, remembers following him, turning him around and pinning him to the wall of the room, letting his lips collide with Danny's.

Billy couldn't stop the groan escaping his throat as he reached down with his other hand to graze over his abdomen, his hand skimming across his smooth glistening skin as he imagined it being Danny's.

He reached down to join his other hand at his belt buckle.

Pausing, he reached up to take his headphones off. Listening to hear if Maxine was still awake or not. He waited a minute his right hand still stroking lightly through the denim.

God, he needed this.

There was no better time. His dad and Susan weren't home, and by the sounds of things Max wasn't awake to hear or catch him. He couldn't help but shudder at the thought of being caught. He never jerks off any more, it's too risky with his dad in the house. When he was there, it felt like he could almost sense Billy's faggot thoughts.
Billy had tried. Tried to think of soft curves, and long hair, smooth skin and handfuls of breasts, but it had never gotten him as hot and bothered as thinking of hard toned chests and short grabbable hair. So, he had given up denying himself his own dirty thoughts. He still puts up a front for others, for Neil, fucking any female in town that batts their eyes at him. But here, in his own room, his own head, he thought of what he really wanted, what he truly desired.

Satisfied by the stillness of the house, Billy dropped his headphones to around his neck, the cassette finished, the only sound coming from his belt buckle being undone as he popped his button on his jeans, slowly undoing the zip as if to imitate the same teasing manner Danny had always been so good at.

Billy hissed as he wrapped his hand around his aching hard cock, jutting his hips up slightly to let his jeans slide down his thighs ever so slightly, freeing himself.

Focusing his mind back on the memory of Daniel being pressed against the living room wall, Billy meeting the slow rhythm of Daniel's grinding crotch with his own. Daniel's hands clasped to his hips, while Billy's laid flat against the wall either side of Danny's head. They had shared wet open kisses. Billy gliding his lips down Danny's throat and sharp jawline, nipping and sucking at the encouraging moans and groans from the other boy.

Billy bites his lip through a moan as he tugs slowly at his cock, reaching to the tip to glide his fingers across his slit spreading his precum back down his cock. "Shit," he mutters as he reaches back up with his other hand to pinch his left nipple between his thumb and forefinger.
He vaguely remembers that that particular time, Danny whispering "Will," instead of 'Billy' or 'Bills' like he normally would. It had confused Billy but hadn't put him off enough to stop.

Eventually Billy had reached a hand down into Daniel's pants rubbing him through his boxer shorts, before reaching over that barrier to create skin on skin friction.

He remembers Danny mirroring his actions. Remembers reaching up with his free hand to tangle and pull his fingers through Daniel's dark thick brown lengthy hair. Like harrington's.

Billy's hands freeze, his eyes flying open at his ludicrous train of thought. His breathing was laboured, hard to control with how turned on he was, his hand twitching at the need to keep going. He closes his eyes once more trying to focus back on Daniel against the light green plaster wall, his hand down Daniel's pants tugging and teasing.

Billy used his left hand to continue playing with his nipples. He could feel himself slowly getting closer to release, could feel it slowly building in him. His hips beginning to thrust lightly up into his hand on their own accord.

His hands in Daniel's hair tugging, his lips moving up his throat, reaching down to move his jeans further down.

But in his mind, as he goes to move them down, the jeans turn to tight basketball shorts. A large hard cock pressing tight against the material. In his mind, he moves his hands to tug the shorts down thin pale legs, nothing like Danny's toned tanned ones, cock springing free.

Billy groans loud as he quickens his pace. He can't stop the image shifting from Daniel pressed against the plaster wall to Harrington pressed against his locker in the boy's locker room, his shorts pushed down almost to his knees, Billy stroking his massive cock. Billy can't stop his mind from imagining what Harrington would look like Cumming in Billy's hand, the way he would throw his head back against the lockers behind him, moaning Billy's name as he spurts into Billy's hand onto Billy's naked navel.
Billy opens the split in his lip as he bites down on the groan he can't contain from escaping, scrunching his eyes shut tight, hips lifting off his bed, as he cums the hardest he's cum in months, covering his abdomen as he continues to stroke himself through his orgasm, milking himself of all he has to give. He can't stop the last flash of an image of Harrington licking his cum off his navel at the feeling of Billy running his fingers up his stomach smearing his cum along the way.

He lay for a minute, his cum covered hand laying on his chest as he attempts to catch his breath. He couldn't believe that he had just done that. Sure, it was bad enough that he had chosen to jerk off to

Danny, he needed to stop having “those Faggot thoughts”, as his dad would sneer at him. But – but Harrington? That was new.

Ok sure, he had noticed Harrington when he had first arrived at Hawkins, but the guy was like a lost puppy to that snooty Wheeler girl. And then Tommy Hall had told him that the guy had once been labelled King Steve. Billy had laughed in Hall’s face at the proclamation. Of course, in such a small fucking town someone like Harrington would manage to be popular. Only in Hawkins.

And ok sure, he had noticed that Harrington had similar hair to Daniel, and it may have crossed his mind once or twice. But, not like that, not in this situation. Billy had only a small hand full of times gotten a real chance to admire Harrington’s body, never fully getting a good look at him.

Billy’s cock twitched at his previous imaginations of the size of Harrington’s cock. Shit. He was already trying to keep his distance from Harrington as it was, after fucking Maxine had nearly nailed his balls to the Byers floor.

Billy glanced down at his cum covered abdomen, at his now softening cock. He just needed to get properly laid, that’s all it was, even if it had to be one of the cows of Hawkins. Maybe he missed Daniel a little – a lot. Closing his eyes, he took a deep breath. It could be the only explanation for why he had slipped up and imagined Harrington, he just needed something fresher in mind. That’s all. No way was he fucking attracted to Harrington.

He sighed heavily sitting up slightly, so he could reach down for one of his dirty discarded t-shirts, wiping his cum off his hands and his chest. He stood up from his bed, pulling his jeans up enough to tuck his, now soft cock, back into them. Billy bunched up the t-shirt into his hands, realising that it was one of his favourite Metallica tops.

“Damn,” he muttered as he headed to his bedroom door, grabbing the door handle, turning it and edging the door open slowly, eyes

adjusting to the darkness of the hall making sure that Max hadn't wondered out of her room.

He headed down the hall for the bathroom, tucking his t-shirt at the bottom of the wash basket, noting to himself that he would need to do this week's wash. He turned to the shower flicking it on. He needed to wash the evidence away from himself, any evidence of him being any amount of faggot.

It was like there was an underbelly of fear that his dad just knew everything Billy did. He didn't want – couldn't have – his dad finding out that he was still as much of as a faggot in Hawkins as he was in California. So, as he stripped down and stepped into the hot stream of water, he mentally planned to get a date for this week. Maybe fucking a good-looking girl will ease the need to picture… such things.

Steve wasn't entirely sure what his problem was the night before. He didn't manage to get comfortable enough to sleep through the night. He wasn't sure if it was the knowledge of a stranger sleeping in the room next to his, a stranger he had no reason to trust. A stranger who he had only just met yesterday and shared pizza with in silence watching VH1 on separate couches. He was going to have to talk to his mom about this. He wasn't sure if he could lose sleep, just so his parents could feel like they hadn't just completely abandoned their son.

Steve left his room grabbing his school bag. He stopped on the landing listening for any sign of life from next door.

It was only seven forty-five in the morning, and Angelina had said she had driven to Hawkins over the course of three days, so she probably wasn't going to be awake anytime soon.

However, Steve was surprised when he reached the bottom of the stairs to hear clanking coming from the kitchen, walking along the hall he was met by the sight of Angelina wearing Tight light washed jeans that came up to her waist with a plain white long-sleeved t-shirt tucked into them.

Steve stood for a second admiring her, she was very beautiful, not in the same way that he thought Nancy was, but Angie could be model beautiful the kind you couldn't have an opinion on, she just was. She had her hair down, letting the natural highlights in her hair shine through her dark brown waves.

Angie looked up from what she was doing and met Steve's eye smiling. Steve smiled back in return glancing down at the kitchen table to where Angie had just laid down a plate of scrambled eggs and French toast.
Steve's eyes widened at the food on two plates. "You didn't have to make me anything."

Angie turned back to the counter to reach for what Steve notices is a jug of fresh orange juice. Setting it down on the table Angie waves her hand in a dismissive manner. "I know, I just wanted to say thank you to you. I didn't expect to find somewhere to stay so quickly, and your parents took me in."

Steve nodded and moved to sit opposite to where Angie had sat, reaching out to pour himself and her both a glass of orange juice.

"I also have the suspicion that you didn't really have much of a say in the matter on whether or not I was staying here or not." She said giving him a pointed look, saying a gentle thank you as he set her glass back down in front of her.

Steve blushed under her gaze glancing down to look at his French toast. "Yeah well, I've gotten used to my parents doing their own thing. I think this is their idea of lessening their guilt" he says lifting a piece of his toast to his mouth and taking a bite.

His eyes could have rolled back into his head at the taste. God, he had missed having properly cooked food, he didn't do it as often as he probably should have, living on his own and all. And even his Mom wasn't a great cook when she was home, but there was something special about having something home cooked for you. Even if it was something as simple as French toast.

"What makes you say that?" Angie says with a mouth full of scrambled eggs.

Steve looks up and meets her eyes once more. “I think its their idea of not actually leaving me alone all the time, as if they haven’t been leaving me here alone since I was, like, fifteen.”

Angie let out a small laugh at him. “My – My parents never stuck around,” she pauses glancing down to scrape more eggs on to her fork. “My brother and I got dumped off at a foster care home, when we were like ten years old. It’s shit trying to live on your own, I think whether you have company or not.”

“I’m sorry,” Steve said frowning at the girl. She looked so bright and happy considering what she had just confessed to him.

“Don’t be, they weren’t worth the time of day, Danny and I were always better on our own. Going to a foster care home was like our version of escaping, haha.” She said gulping down nearly half of her orange juice.

“We met our best friend, I would say our lost part, our third Musketeer, at one of the foster care homes we were at in Cali. So, you know, I wouldn’t change a thing.”

“Are you still friends?” Steve tentatively asks.

Angie frowns at her plate before looking up to face Steve. “I’m not sure.”

Steve frowns in return to her answer.

“He left, and our last encounter, well it wasn’t exactly a pleasant good bye.” She says shrugging her shoulders, as if it wasn’t that big of a deal.

Steve opened his mouth, a question of whether or not her friend was there when her brother passed away, on the tip of his tongue. But decided that maybe it was too much of a personal question for their first breakfast together.

Steve nods along with what she says as he finishes off his toast, diverting the conversation away from her friend. “Did you – did you ever get adopted?”

Angie glances up and pauses as if in thought. “Not necessarily. We became of age, and our friend was moved to live with his dad, so we kind of just followed him, you know. We got our own place, it was a shit hole, but like it was ours. There was this old lady in the flat across from ours, I swear she looked over hundred years old. She used to cook us meals, taught me how to make most of them, taught my brother how to swim properly so he could be a lifeguard over the summers.” Steve watched her smile fondly at the memories, before she turned back to look at him. “There were never any official papers, but I wouldn’t say we were never adopted. Unfortunately, Mrs Gerard passed away only a couple of years after we met her. Like I said I’m pretty sure the woman was over a hundred, haha.”

Angie stood from her place and lifted her plate, placing it over by the sink. “I hope her cooking lessons have payed off at least.”

Steve nodded. “Definitely. Best breakfast I’ve had in forever, Dustin will be jealous he didn’t get any.”

“Dustin?” Angie asks with a small curve of a smile on her face, leaning her hip back against the counter as Steve stood and moved towards her to place his plate on top of hers.

Steve reached up and rubbed his neck in a nervous gesture. “Erm, yeah, my friend, I mean he’s this kid I babysit, he’s like fourteen, but yeah, my friend.” He finishes with a blush, dropping his hand to his side, waiting for Angie to make fun of him, like most people his age have.

“Maybe I can make some for both of you one morning?” She says smiling at him. Steve’s eyes scan her face, looking for any hint of sarcasm. But all he could see was her bright eyes watching him, still with a simply yet genuine smile on her face.

“Erm, yeah, I think he would probably like that. The kid basically inhales food.” He says with a little laugh as a thought of Dustin and El trying to outdo the other with the amount of Eggo’s they can eat in one sitting.

Steve glanced up to the wall clock and noticed that it was already eight o'clock. "shit. I've got to get going, I have to pick up Dustin on my way to school, still too cold for him to bike it."
Steve froze as Angie approached his personal space, reaching around him for the spare bit of French toast in the pan, turning her back to him she crossed the kitchen and grabbed a tissue, wrapping the toast in it. Turning back, she handed it to Steve, "here, you can take this with you, give him a taste test at what I can do, haha. Maybe I'll win brownie points even before I meet him." She smiled and followed slowly behind Steve as he held the toast in one hand and chucked his bag on to one shoulder heading for the front door.

"Trust me, any kind of food wins you brownie points with Dustin, even more so if it's actual Brownies." He said turning back to smile at her as he opened the door.

He frowned for a moment glancing between his drive and Angie. "You gonna be ok finding your way around Hawkins?"

Angie stood up taller and nodded. "I was thinking Just going for a walk around town, maybe get my bearings. I've already been to the general store, Met Mrs Joyce Byers."

"Everybody loves Joyce."

"I can believe that, she gives off a strong mother vibe." Steve laughs a little at her, Joyce had basically become the designated mother for everyone in the party, including himself. Sundays were reserved for dinner at the Byers, everybody went, including Hopper and El.
"Yeah, she's pretty awesome." Steve hiked his bag further up his shoulder.

"I guess I'll see you later, thanks in advance for the toast for Dustin, maybe he'll go easy on me for being late."

"I'll see you later tonight Steve." Angie said giving him one last smile as he closed the door behind himself.

"STEVE! You are late again!" Dustin said as he clambered into Steve's

Beamer, pushing his bag in between his legs on the floor.

“Steve, my man, we need to speak about what being here for 8 o’clock means. I’m meant to be early today, so I can meet the party at AV Club. Mr Clarke has finally, FINALLY, replaced the radio El fried like two years ago.” Dustin finished by turning to give Steve a pointed look.

“Dude, Remember I have that girl staying with me.” Steve says as he puts the car into reverse, backing out of the Henderson’s drive.

“Excuses Steve.” Dustin said shaking his head and crossing his arms across his chest.

“She made me breakfast! I couldn’t just walk out.” Steve said in defence as they headed down main street, passing the general store where Joyce was standing hunched with her arms crossed and a cigarette lit hanging from her fingers.

Both Steve and Dustin gave her a smile and a wave, which she returned.
“It doesn’t matter STE-“

“Dude, she told me to bring this for you,” Steve reached into his pocket to grab the wrapped-up room temperature French toast, keeping his eyes on the road.

Before he could say anymore Dustin grabbed it from his outstretched hand.

Steve turned to the boy beside him at the lack of conversation to find him examining the toast closely. “It’s French toast, Dustin. It’s good.”

“But is it Steve? Have you not learnt anything from the past year? You don’t trust anyone! That means girls with French toast.” He lisps slightly taking a sniff of the toast before taking the biggest bite he could possibly take.
Steve rolled his eyes at the other boy’s dramatics.

“Oh my god, Steve, this is amazing.” He said wide-eyed turning to Steve.

“I know I had it this morning, it’s why I’m late.” He says pulling up at the middle school drop off zone. “She said she could make you some one day.” Steve bent his neck to look out the passenger window at where the rest of the Party stood, excluding Max.

Dustin waved to them, before holding up a finger, to tell them he’d be a minute. He turned back to Steve, wiping the crumbs from the toast of his jeans, before reaching down to grasp his bag by its handle. “How hot is she?” He asks grinning at Steve.

“Dude,” Steve says giving him a look as if to say ‘really?’

“Come on Steve, if she’s hot then its something to boast about, if she’s not, then she’s still something to boast about if she cooks good.”

Steve rolls his eyes as Dustin sits waiting patiently for him to answer his question. “Yeah, ok, she’s pretty hot. Now get out my car, before you make us both late.”

Dustin’s grin grows at Steve’s words. “You should mention it to Nancy, make her jealous.” Well there was a thought.

“Dude go!” Steve said shooing him with his hands.

Dustin pulls the handle on the door scrambling out the car, slamming the door behind him, before running up to the guys.

Steve begins to pull away from the curb when a car goes flying past him, making Steve break suddenly.

A familiar Camaro comes to a halt in the middle of the road, completely ignoring the designated drop off area. Max jumps out the car, swinging her hair over her shoulder before striding over to where the guys stood. Steve rolled his eyes once more at the loud obnoxious rock music coming from the car in front of him.

Asshole.

He follows Billy’s car to the high school car park, being some of the earliest people there, the parking lot was pretty empty. Allowing Steve to park as far away as he could from Hargrove.

Steve turned around in his seat to grab his bag, before stepping out his car. Leaning against the Beamer's door he looked across the lot, watched as Hargrove stepped out of his car slamming the door shut behind him, opening a new pack of cigarettes before jamming one between his lips. Steve couldn't stop his eyes racking over Hargrove's figure.

He was clad in his normal attire, tight jeans, that hugged every bit of him, and a plain light grey t-shirt, despite the cold, with his signature tanned leather jacket. Steve watched as he lit his cigarette sticking his zippo back into his breast pocket, before turning and meeting Steve's gaze.

Steve waited in anticipation for the insult he was sure was resting on the tip of the other boy's tongue to be thrown at him. But as he looked on he saw Billy tense up, his eyes imitating Steve's by racking up his body, before diverting his gaze towards the school as he made his way to the front door.

Steve frowned. It was unusual for Hargrove not to take such a perfect opportunity to insult and badger Steve. It had felt like since the night at the byers, Hargrove had made it his personal mission to piss off Steve every morning. Why should today be any different?
Shaking his head, he shut his door and followed the retreating figure. There was one thing Steve knew, was that if Billy Hargrove was giving him peace, he wasn't about to question it.